The Chautauqua songs , Monteagle Assembly

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HYMNOLOGY

THE CHAUTAUQUA SONGS.

MONTEAGLE ASSEMBLY,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1884.

Rev. Frank Russell, A.M., Representative of the C. L. S. C.

NEW YORK:
Chautauqua Press.
1884.

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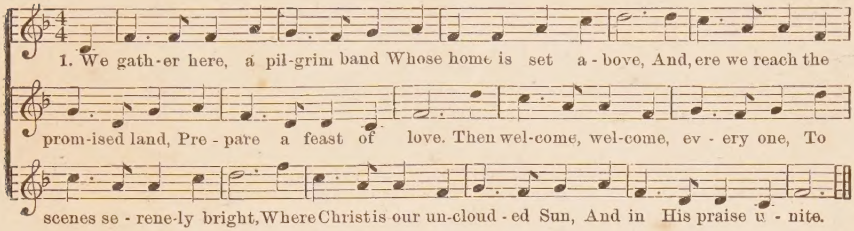
CHAUTAUQUA SONGS.

No. 1. WE GATHER HERE A PILGRIM BAND.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. AULD LANG SYNE.



2 The morning dew, the fragrant breeze,
The peaceful nights and days,
The smiling lake, the waving trees,
Forever speak His praise.
Then welcome, welcome to the place
Where hearts in love unite,
Where we behold a Saviour's face,
And feel a saint's delight.

3 The noisy world moves on afar,
And all unheard its din;
For like a little flock we are
Securely folded in.
Then welcome, laborers, one and all,
To this reviving feast;
Within our royal banquet hall
The greatest is the least.

4 'Tis harvest time; we bring the sheaves
We've garnered through the year,
And weeping o'er the worthless leaves,
Behold the fruit appear.
Then welcome, welcome where our souls
New faith and courage find;
Where Jordan nearer to us rolls,
And Egypt lies behind.

5 We are the Saviour's chosen band
His glorious face we see,
Here on this strip of Holy Land,
Nigh unto Galilee.
Then gladly of our feast partake,
And may new strength be given,
Till every heart, like yonder lake,
Reflects naught else but heaven.

No. 2. JOIN, O FRIENDS, IN A MEMORY SONG.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (ALUMNI SONG.) WM. F. SHERWIN, 1883.

Earnestly.

1. Join, O friends, in a mem - 'ry song, A song of serv - ice, of faith, of praise; Of love that gath-ers its fi - bers strong From for - est soil and Chau - tau-quan days. Sing, O sing! for the Word shall spring From seed to sci - on, from bud to bloom; Since life im - mor - tal the Lord did bring From the Seed that fell in an o - pen tomb!

CHORUS.

ff

2 Join in singing of hope, O friends,
The Lord is coming his own to bless,
And tried and true is the band he sends
To open a way in the wilderness.
Chorus.

3 After briar, and thorn, and weed,
Shall spring a plant of a wondrous birth;
And Love—the flow'r of a heavenly seed—
With bloom and beauty shall fill the earth.
Chorus.

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No. 3. PRAISE. L. M.

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak His fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

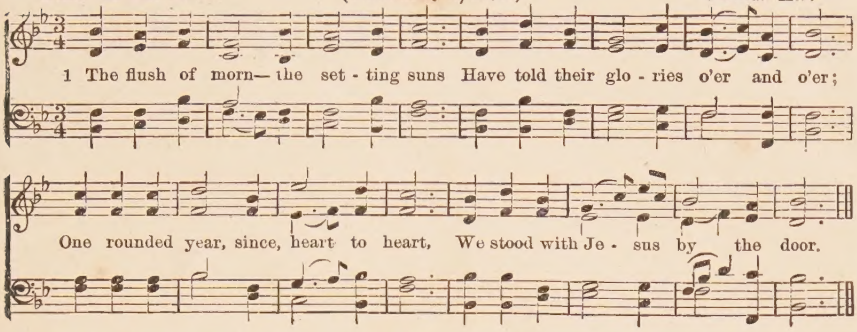
2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

No. 4. HYMN OF GREETING.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA, 1875.) *German Air.*



2 We heard his wond'rous voice; we touched
His garment's hem with reverent hand;
Then at his word went forth to preach
His coming kingdom in the land.

3 And following him, some willing feet
The way to Emmaus have trod;
And some stand on the Orient plains;
And some upon the mount of God!

4 While over all, and under all,
The Master's eye, the Master's arm,
Have led in paths we have not known,
Yet kept us from the touch of harm.

5 One year of golden days and deeds
Of gracious growth, of service sweet;
And now, beside the shore again,
We gather at the Master's feet.

6 "Blest be the tie that binds," we sing;
Yet to the bending blue above
We look, beyond the face of friends,
To mark the coming of the Dove.

7 Descend upon us as we wait
With open heart—with open word
Breathe on us, mystic Paraclete!
Breathe on us, Spirit of the Lord!

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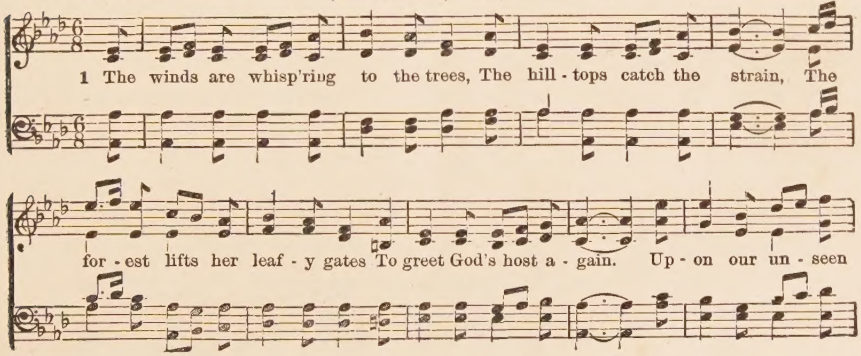
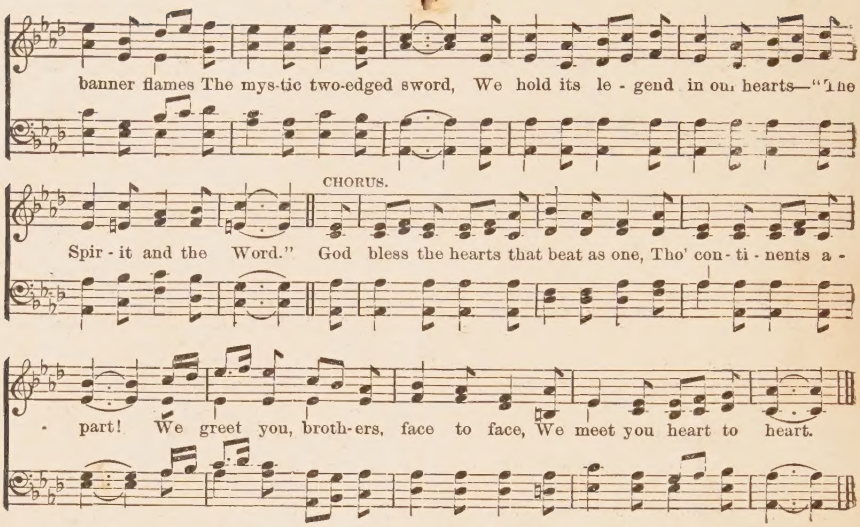
No. 5. THE WINDS ARE WHISPERING.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA, 1875.) LUCY J. RIDER.



THE WINDS ARE WHISPERING—(*Continued.*)



2 We wait the touch of holy fire
Upon our untaught lips;
The "open vision" of the saints,
The new apocalypse;

We wait—the children of a King—
We wait, in Jesus' name,
Beside these altars, till our hearts
Shall catch the sacred flame.—*Chorus.*

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No. 6. GOD'S HEARTHSTONE.

By Wallace Bruce, A.M.

[*Inspired by a Chautauqua Sunset.*]

1 The western fires are burning dim
Along Chautauqua's western rim—
The embers of a dying day
Are sinking in the ashes gray.

2 We lay aside our toil and care—
We bow to Thee in thankful prayer,
That, round Thy hearthstone wide and free,
The world is all one family.

3 'Tis not in temples built by hands,
Or written scrolls from far-off lands,
But at the altars reared by Thee,
We learn the truest liturgy.

4 Thy voice was heard on Sinai's height,
On Horeb's mountain veiled in night:
Thy voice is heard in every rill,
Thy glory glows on every hill.

5 Night speaks to Night, Day speaks to Day,
Their world-wide language lives for aye:
Their lines have gone through all the earth—
The heavens declare Thy matchless worth.

6 So may Thy "Word of Love" more dear
To every age and race appear,
Until Time's narrow restless sea
Is hushed in Thy Eternity.

7 And O, may faith still deeper grow,
Till peace from heart to heart shall flow—
Till all the world, each eventide,
Shall gather round Thy hearthstone wide.

No. 7. ALL THE EARTH IS WRAPPED IN SHADOW.

Moderato. (NIGHT SONG, CLASS OF 1882.) REV. R. LOWRY.

1. All the earth is wrapped in shad-ow, Steep and rug-ged climbs our way; Dare we hope to

CHORUS.

look, en-rapt-ured, From the mount-ain top—some day? O, press on-ward still! for-ev - er Turns the

earth to meet the light; Com-eth swift and sure the morn-ing When our feet shall tread the height.

2 Vainly have we looked and listened,
Weary now we lift our eyes;
Lo! with thrilling gaze and tender,
Stars look down from bending skies.—*Chorus.*

3 Peace is in the wavelet's plashing,
Strength is in the night wind's call;
Clasping hands give help, and always
God is "in the midst" of all.—*Chorus.*

4 Courage, then! the air grows purer—
Look! e'en now the dawn draws nigh;
Goals yet grander wait our winning
On the mountains, by and by.—*Chorus.*

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No. 8. HITHER WE COME.

W. F. S. (Chautauqua, 1883.) W. F. Sherwin.

1 Hither we come, Chautau-qua's host! A joy - ous, earn - est throng; We send the

greetings from heart to heart, By word and cheering song. From hill and valley, and

widening plain, With hearts a-glow we come, A - gain re-new - ing the al - tar fires, In

Chorus.

this our woodland home. Hither we come, Chautauqua's host; Ring out a - gain the

Cres.....cen.....do.

song! While kindred spir - its to - day re - joice, Let all in har - mo - ny

lift the voice, And loud the strain pro - long, And loud the strain pro - long!

HITHER WE COME—*Continued.*

2 Welcome to all! right welcome here,
Alike old friends and new;
The high or lowly, the weak or strong,
Who come with purpose true.
The maid and matron, the little child,
The sire and youthful son,
Here blending study with pleasure, find
New life for every one.—*Chorus.*

3 Come where Chautauqua spreads her feast
So rich and rare in kind;
Religion, Science, and Art unite
To feed both soul and mind.
These leafy arches and quiet shades
Where lake and forest meet,
Invite to fountains of living truth,
And rest for weary feet.—*Chorus.*

4 Gather the harvest, while ye may,
Of learning's varied lore;
Of useful knowledge, that aye endures,
Lay by abundant store.
We are but gleaners in life's great field,
Our day will soon be gone,
And some have garnered their sheaves above,
While we are toiling on.—*Chorus.*

No. 9. COMMENCEMENT CAROL.

"C. L. S. C." By W. F. Sherwin. Tune, "Battle Hymn."

1 Sounding out among Chautauqua's cool and classic shades,
Pealing till the echoes wake in all her forest glades,
Hear the shout of triumph as our mighty host parades
On this our Jubilee!

Chorus—Hail the Day with joy and singing!
Swell the chorus full and ringing!
Love to Alma Mater bringing—
All hail! "C. L. S. C.!"

2 Every heart is beating with a quicker pulse to-day;
Every eye is beaming with a brighter, clearer ray;
Every tongue is telling of the lessons by the way,
On this our Jubilee!

Chorus—Hail the Day, etc.

3 So we come rejoicing, young and old, the rich and poor,
Cheering on each other in the walks of hallowed lore,
Closer knitting loving bands to bind us evermore,
On this our Jubilee!

Chorus—Hail the Day, etc.

4 Step by step ascending, we the mountain height have won;
Yet from here our vision only stretches farther on!
Forward, then, O comrades! till our final work is done,
And Heaven brings Jubilee!

Chorus—Hail the Day, etc.

No. 10. THE SONG OF '82.

By W. F. Sherwin. Air, "America."

1 The voice of triumph raise,
And sing Chautauqua's praise,
In hearty song;
Her children tribute bring,
Of her in gladness sing,
While forest arches ring,
Both loud and long!

2 What holy thoughts arise!
How sweet the memories
Of all these years!
How strong true friendship's tie!
What hopes that ne'er shall die!
What soul up-liftings high
Above our fears!

3 Breathe now a tender strain
For those we meet again
On earth no more.
True comrades they, and dear;
Yet, freed from fetters here,
They range yon wider sphere
For evermore!

4 O Thou who dwell'st in light
Beyond the starry height,
Still grant Thy grace;
That we, with joyfulness,
May daily onward press
In "ways of pleasantness
And paths of peace."

No. 11. A SONG OF TO-DAY.

"All things are yours."—1 Cor. 3: 21.

Mary A. Lathbury. W. F. Sherwin.

1. Sing pæ - ans o - ver the past! We bury the dead years ten - der - ly, To find them a - gain in e - ter - ni - ty, All safe in its cir - - cle vast. Sing pæ - ans o - ver the past!
2. Fare - well, fare - well to the Old! Be - neath the arch-es, and one by one, From sun to shade and from shade to sun We pass, and the years are told. Fare - well, fare - well to the Old.
3. And hail, all hail to the New! The fu - ture lies like a world new born, All steeped in sun-shine and mists of morn, And arch'd with a cloud - less blue. All hail, all hail to the New!
4. All things, all things are yours! The spoil of na-tions, the arts sub - lime That arch the a - ges from eld - est time, The Word that for aye en-dures,—All things, all things are yours!
5. A - rise and con-quer the land! Not one shall fail in the march of life; Not one shall fall in the hour of strife Who trusts in the Lord's right hand. A - rise and con-quer the land!
6. The Lord shall sev - er the sea! And o - pen a way in the wil - der - ness, To faith that fol-lows—to feet that press On, in - to the great To - Be! The Lord shall sev - er the sea!

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No. 12. BRIGHT GLEAMS AGAIN.

MRS. L. H. BUGBEE. (C. L. S. C. ANNIVERSARY ODE. 1879.) WM. F. SHERWIN.

Very spirited.

1 Bright gleams again Chautauqua's wave, And green her forest arches, As with glad heart and purpose brave, The student homeward marches; Be - fore him rose the pleasant goal, Thro' all the year's en - deavor, Blest in - spi-ra-tion of the soul! For light aspiring ev - er.

REFRAIN.

Once more we stand, a joy - ous band, Our songs to heaven up - send - ing; They free - ly rise, A sac - ri - fice Of prayer and prais - es blend - ing.

2 Our college halls are grand and free,
Her charter heaven granted;
Her roof the summer-crowned tree,
Where nature's hymns are chanted;
And round her shall her children cling
With loyal love and duty,
And yearly all their offerings bring,
Of gathered wealth and beauty.—*Refrain.*

3 From the vast ocean shore of thought,
We bring our earliest treasure,
With many a golden memory fraught,
And many a lofty pleasure;
We offer now our work to him
Whose loving light hath guided,
Thro' pathways to our knowledge dim,
From his great thought divided.—*Refrain.*

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No. 13. I HEAR THE TREAD.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA, 1879.) THEO. F. SEWARD.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. I hear the tread of men and na - tions; I see the clouded steeps they climb;

Maestoso.

What pain, and hope, and ex - ul - ta - tion Are mingled in their songs sub-lime.

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

Thro' ways we have not known, We pass, yet not a - lone; From height to height, to

mezzo. *cres.*

dwell with Him in light, The Lord shall lead His own, The Lord shall lead His own, shall lead His own.

2 The everlasting hills shine o'er them,
Crowned with the sun and robed in calm;
And One—their Leader—bears before them
The rod—the staff—the victor's crown.
Chorus.

3 Their songs of labor and endeavor,
With hymns of heavenly hope arise;
And listeners in the lowlands ever
Lift to the hills their longing eyes.
Chorus.

4 O toilers on the heights sing praises!
The zone of storms is almost past;
Through clouds baptismal lift your faces
To greet th' unclouded Light at last!—*Chorus.*

No. 14. INNOCENTS. 7s.

Joyous.

1 God e - ter - nal, might - y King, Un - to Thee our praise we bring;

All the earth doth wor - ship Thee, We a - mid the throng would be. A - MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy Throne on high;
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?

4 With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.

6 All thy Church in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail Thy spotless birth;
Own the God who all has made,
And the Spirit's soothing aid.

No. 15. MILES LANE. C. M.

f Bold. *Cres.*

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal

f

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

MILES LANE—(*Continued.*)

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

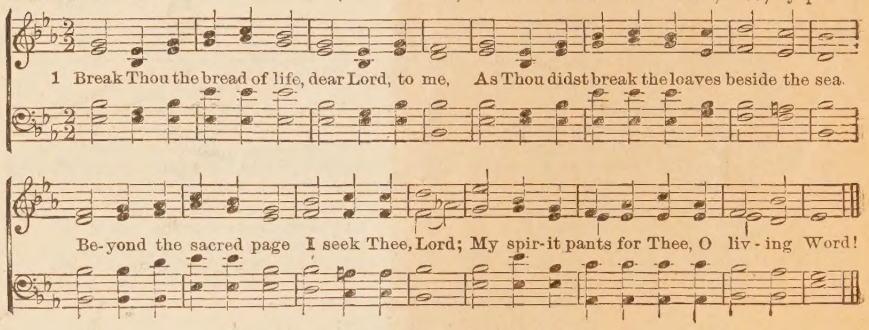
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all Majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

No. 16. BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (STUDY SONG.) WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877, by per.



2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
An I shall find my peace,
My All in All!

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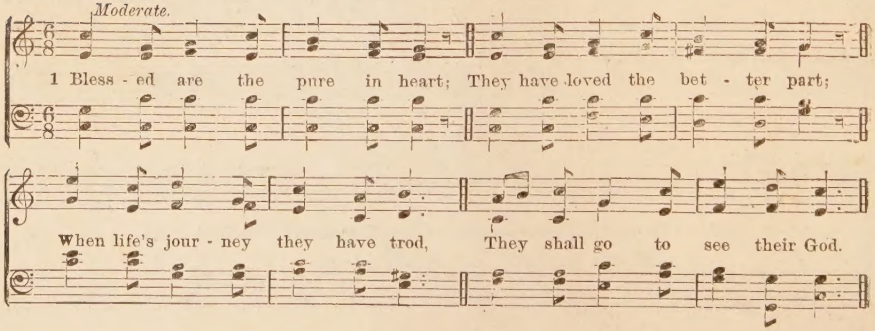
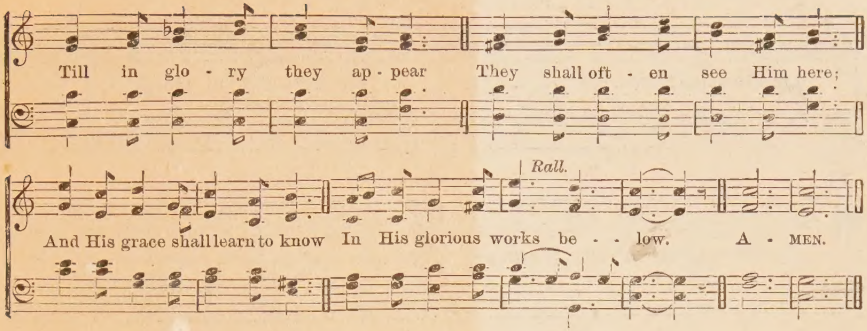
No. 17. PURITAS. 7s. D.



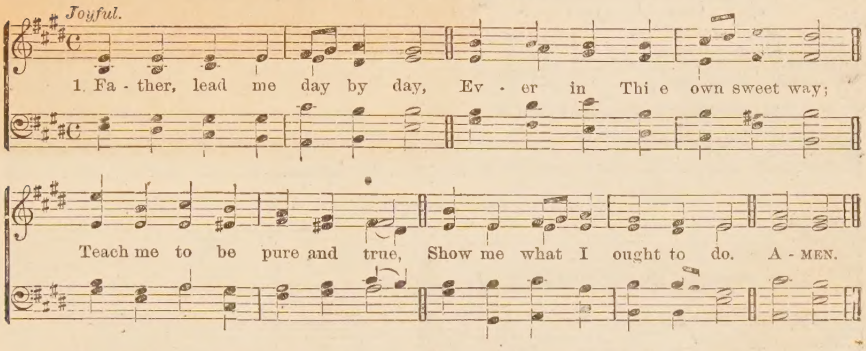
PURITAS—(*Continued.*)



When the sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness through the skies,
They will love to praise and bless,
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.
In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
"Thus the just shall shine," they say,
"In the Resurrection-day."

3 When the leaves in Autumn die,
Falling fast and silently,
"These," they think, "that now seem dead,
Shall in Spring lift up their head."
God in every thing they see;
First in all their thoughts is He:
They had loved the better part:
Blessed are the pure in heart.

No. 18. POSEN. 7s.



2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save:
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

No. 23. GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and..... ev - er shall be, world without end. A - MEN.

No. 24. EVENING PRAISE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

QUARTET *or* SEMI-CHORUS.

1 Day is dying in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night

Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky. FULL CHORUS. *p* Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts!

Cres.

Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For thou art nigh —*Chorus.*

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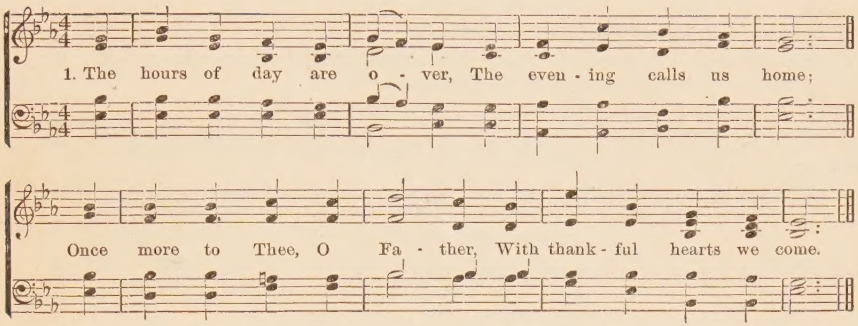
No. 25. EVENING PRAYER.

W. F. Sherwin.



2 For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy Name,
And own Thy love unchanging
Through days and years the same.

3 For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

4 But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art;

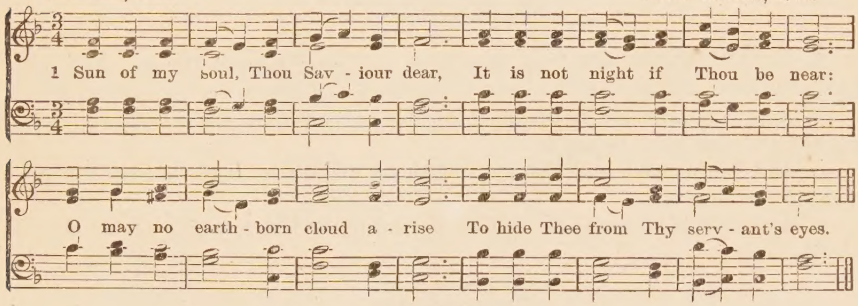
5 The Teacher ever present,
The Friend forever nigh,
The Home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

6 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past.

7 With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal Home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come.

No. 26. NIGHT SONG. L. M.

J. Keble, 1827. Peter Ritter, 1798.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 27. CHAUTAUQUA VESPER SERVICE.*

Leader. The day goeth away. Jer. vi, 4.

Congregation. The shadows of the evening are stretched out. Jer. vi, 4.

L. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Sion;

C. And unto Thee shall the vow be performed. Psa. lxv, 1.

L. Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. Psa. lxv, 8.

C. Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud. Psa. lv, 17.

COMMUNION WITH GOD. 4 lines 7.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

L. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day:

C. And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. Gen. iii, 8.

L. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. James iv, 8.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

L. And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set;

C. And he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

L. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven:

C. And behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. Gen. xxviii, 10–12.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

* This Service has been used at the opening exercises of the Chautauqua Assembly on the first Tuesday evening of August ever since 1873. It may be used (with No. 28 or No. 29) for the Sabbath Memorial Vesper Service, every-where observed at 5 o'clock by members of the C. L. S. C.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

L. And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal. 2 Kings ii, 1.

C. And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder;

L. And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

C. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. 2 Kings ii, 11, 12.

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

PRAYER.

AN EVENING SONG. L. M.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

C. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

L. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Num. vi, 24–26.

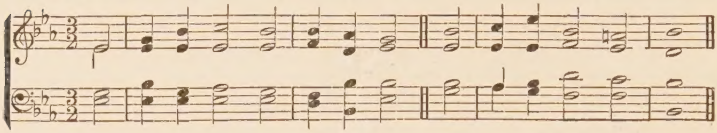
CLOSING VERSE. C. M.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

No. 28. A C. L. S. C. SERVICE.

Tune—*Songs of Devotion*, p. 37.

DOWNS. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee!

THE PRAYER OF THOMAS Á KEMPIS.

Leader. Above all things and in all things, O my soul, thou shalt rest in the Lord alway, for he himself is the everlasting rest of the saints,

Circle. Grant us, O God, to rest in thee above all creatures,

L. Above all health and beauty,

C. Above all glory and honor,

L. Above all power and dignity,

C. Above all knowledge and subtilty,

L. Above all riches and arts,
C. Above all joy and gladness,
L. Above all fame and praise,
C. Above all sweetness and comfort,
L. Above all hope and promise,
C. Above all desert and desire,
L. Above all gifts and benefits that thou canst give and impart to us,
C. Above all mirth and joy that the mind of man can receive and feel,
L. Finally above angels and archangels and above all the heavenly host,
C. Above all things visible and invisible,
L. And above all that thou art not, O our God.
C. Because thou, O Lord, our God, art supremely good above all;
L. Thou alone art most high,
C. Thou alone most powerful,
L. Thou alone most full and sufficient,
C. Thou alone most sweet and most full of consolation,
L. Thou alone art most lovely and loving,
C. Thou alone most noble and glorious above all things,
L. In whom all good things together both perfectly are and ever have been and shall be.

Congregation. (Chant.) Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

No. 29. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

[To be read by the Choir and Congregation.]

Choir. We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
Congregation. All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.
Choir. To thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all the powers therein.
Congregation. To thee, cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth!
Choir. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.
Congregation. The glorious company of the apostles praise thee;
Choir. The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee;
Congregation. The noble army of martyrs praise thee;
Choir. The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,
Congregation. The Father of an infinite Majesty;
Choir. Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Congregation. Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Choir. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!
Congregation. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

Choir. When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thy self to be born of a virgin.

Congregation. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Choir. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

Congregation. We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

Choir. We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Congregation. Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

Choir. O Lord! save thy people, and bless thy heritage;

Congregation. Govern them, and lift them up forever.

Choir. Day by day we magnify thee;

Congregation. And we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Choir. Vouchsafe, O Lord! to keep us this day without sin.

Congregation. O Lord! have mercy upon us.

Choir. O Lord! let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

Congregation. O Lord! in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

DOXOLOGY.

Tune—*Book of Praise*, p. 9.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name,
In earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

A SONG OF TOIL.

[1883.]

MISS CHARLOTTE E. LEAVITT. D. E. DAVIS.

Andante.

1. A song of toil, A song of toil, O no - - ble
2. A song of cheer, A song of cheer, Tho' toil be
3. A song of praise, A song of praise To Him who

task to up - root the weeds, To plant and cul - ti - vate
heav - y and spring be late, Yet gay - - ly la - bor and
fill - eth im - men - si - ty, Yet watch - eth ev - er o'er

wis - dom's seeds, In minds pro - - duc - - - - tive soil.
calm - ly wait, And har - vests crown..... the year.
you and me, A grate - ful an - - - - - them raise.

WE GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.

CHARLOTTE E. LEAVITT. (SONG OF 1883.) C. C. CASE.

1. We gath - er the frag - ments, Lord, That noth - ing be lost of *time;*
2. We gath - er the frag - ments, Lord, That noth - ing be lost of *strength;*
3. We gath - er the frag - ments, Lord, No ti - ni - est *gift* to lose;

For buds of minutes will bloom to hours, And fruit will fol - low the ripening flowers,
For life that dwells in the cor - al cells Builds bit by bit of the reef that swells
For oft we've read of the thousands fed From two small fish - es and bar - ley - bread,

The fruit - age of years sub - lime, The fruit - age of years sub - lime.
To palm - crowned isles at length, To palm - crowned isles at length.
Which thou didst deign to use, Which thou didst deign to use.

CHORUS.

Be wise!..... A - rise!..... To serv - ice swift and sweet..... For
be wise! a - rise! and sweet,

He bless-es and mul - ti - plies.....
frag - ments laid at the Master's feet, He bless-es, he blesses and mul - ti - plies.
He bless-es and mul - ti - plies.....

HO! YE COMRADES!

By Prof. W. F. Sherwin.

Tune: "Tramp, tramp, tramp."

1 Ho! ye comrades, one and all,
Of the great C. L. S. C.,
Join with us to sing aloud a merry lay;
Jubilant and full of heart
Let the earnest greeting be,
To our gallant host rejoicing on the way.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp,
We're onward marching
Through the fields of varied lore;
And our hearts are beating time
To the glad Chautauqua chime,
Ringing out to greet the Class of '84!

2 Day by day, o'er hill and dell,
With a firm and steady tread,
Through the storm, or when the skies were shining clear,
We have moved with courage on
While the foe before us fled,
Never yielding, though assailed by doubt and fear.

Chorus.—Tramp, etc.

3 Some have fallen by the way
And have entered into rest;
Others fainted ere the march was well begun;
Some have loitered here and there,
Loving ease and pleasure best,
But the truly brave the victory have won.

Chorus.—Tramp, etc.

4 Pressing on and ever on
Through the arches of the days,
In the pleasant vales or up the rugged height,
By the grace of God we'll go,
Till our souls reflect the rays
Beaming from the throne of everlasting light!

Chorus.—Tramp, etc.

CLASS SONG OF 1884.

CHARLOTTE E. LEAVITT. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. We have plant-ed our ban - ner on high, And our shout it shall ring to the sky; For our
2. Let it swell till the e - ther it fills With a pæ - an of ju - bi - lant trills: "Ir - re-
3. With a shout and a song and a prayer, We are ea - ger to do and to dare; For the

task we have done, And the vic - to - ry won, And the guer - don al-read - y is nigh.
pres-si - ble" we! We will con-quer - ors be! Press for-ward, He con-quers who wills.
Watch-er a - bove, In His in - fi - nite love, Will en - cir - cle our steps with His care.

CHORUS.

Look a - loft from the crest we have gained, See the heights upon heights un - at-tained;
we have gained, unattained;

Let the anthem we sing More ex-ult-ing-ly ring Than if noth-ing to conquer remained!

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ALUMNI SONG

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY, 1884.

CHARLOTTE E. LEAVITT. W. F. SHERWIN.

Vigoroso.

1. There's a torch that lights the a - ges With re - veal - ing beams;
2. Take the torch that lights the a - ges; Weak thine hand may be,
3. Pass the torch that lights the a - ges Swift from hand to hand;

Rocks pri - me - val, depths of o - cean, At - oms whirl - ing, worlds in mo - tion,
Yet can keep it trimm'd and burn-ing; Hold it high, that oth - ers yearn - ing
Till its rays the dark-ness ban - ish, Till the shad-ows, con-quered, van - ish,

Bare their se - crets to the Sa - ges Where its ra - diance gleams.
For a light on life's dark pa - ges, May its glo - ry see.
And the day its light pre - sa - ges Dawn on eve - ry land.

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CHAUTAUQUA SONG.

CHARLOTTE E. LEAVITT. 1884. C. C. CASE.

1. Tho' gems are hid in the breast of earth, And rar - est pearls 'neath the
2. But where are treas - ures of wis - dom found? What price can pur - chase her
3. Nor mine, nor sea can the se - cret tell, Where wis - dom hid - eth her

o - cean sleep, And long's the way from the fount - ain's birth, To
matchless gem? The crag we'll climb and the sea we'll sound, And
price - less store; In Him all treas - ures of knowl-edge dwell, Who

where the riv - er may greet the deep. Yet pa - tient work and a
dark - some mines we will search for them. No bird that speed - eth on
taught the ea - gle a - loft to soar. Then for - ward press with a

stead - fast will Bring forth the jew - els in light to gleam, And
tire - less wing, Though keen of sight, can the place de - scry; And
conq - 'ror's will; Who o - ver - com - eth, a crown shall win. The

comes the hour of ex - ult - ant thrill, When o - cean hail-eth the vic - tor stream.
vain - ly ru - bies and pearls we bring, Not O - phir's rich - es the prize can buy.
Lord pre-par - eth His man-sions still, And *who - so will* He hath wel-comed in.

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